

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.)

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s. Stamped; 12s. Unstamped; to be forwarded by Money Order or Postage Stamp to the Publisher, W. S. Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

No. 25.—VOL. XXIV.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1849.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE.
STAMPED FOURPENCE.

GOETHE'S EPICRAMS FROM VENICE—(1790.)

IN ELEGIAC VERSE.

Money spent, and time as well—
How—this little book will tell.

xcvi.

BRIGHTLY I saw the sea shine, and the billows were charmingly sparkling;
Urg'd by the favouring gale, vessels were sailing along.
Yet this awaken'd no love in my heart; but my sorrowing glances
Back to the mountains were turn'd, seeking their summits of snow.

J. O.

ERNST AND HALLE.

The concert of these great artists, announced for Monday evening, July 2, will be one of very eminent classical interest. Every amateur of the violin will be curious to hear Ernst play the one concerto of Mendelssohn, and every amateur of the piano will be delighted to hear Hallé interpret the fanciful concerto of Beethoven in G. Besides these, the sonatas of Bach, by the two accomplished executants in conjunction, will be a rare treat for the classicists; while the seldom played E flat *rondo* of Mendelssohn,* and the *Rondo Papageno* which Ernst performed with such success at his last concert, completes an instrumental programme of the highest order.

Macfarren's overture to *Don Quixote* will open the concert with spirit. It is agreeable to find such distinguished foreigners as Ernst and Hallé taking that interest in the works of our English composers which is denied them altogether by the musical societies of London. Not a solitary English composition has been given this season at the Philharmonic concerts, although such worn-out overtures as *Anacreon*, the *Jubilee*, and such vapid bombast as the *Faust* of Lindpaintner might reasonably have yielded, for once in a way, to the *Wood Nymphs* of Sterndale Bennett, or the *Don Carlos* of Macfarren. The new symphony in D major of the last mentioned composer of course would have been too great a risk for this exclusive society to incur.

The vocal programme offered by Ernst and Hallé is to be admired, inasmuch as not one *moreceau* of inferior pretensions is to be found in the list of pieces. Altogether the concert is likely to prove the most attractive of the whole season, and we have little doubt that the Hanover Square Rooms will be filled with an overflowing audience on the occasion.

* Recently introduced by Mr. Lindsay Sloper at the concert of Miss Dolby and himself.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

We should be very happy, if we could, to defend the Philharmonic Society from the following strictures, which appeared in the *Athenaeum* of last Saturday; but alas! with the best intentions, we are unable to select a line of defence. We must, therefore, let the writer in the *Athenaeum* speak for himself. Our columns are open, however, to any associate,

member, director, friend, or admirer of the Philharmonic Society, to reply:—

"PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The programme of the *Seventh Philharmonic Concert* compels us to repeat with emphasis our recent strictures upon the strange policy of the Directors,—for the *solo* players engaged, as regards novelty and merit, were inferior to other artists attainable, whom the subscribers would have preferred. Comparisons are invidious, and we have no wish to annoy resident professors of established reputation; but it must be again pointed out *sforzando* that residence should be no plea for preference at our model concert. Inasmuch as we object to the engagement there of third-rate foreign singers merely because their names (and imperfections) are new to London, do we protest against the exclusion of strangers of acknowledged and commanding excellence—merely because "—has been used to play at one concert, and —— at another." That the *Concert Stück* of Weber, as given on Monday, was by no means the best piece of pianism attainable, was a feeling almost universal among the subscribers. Should this be? Further with regard to the violin *solo*;—no just person (even supposing that he does not hold our opinions regarding precocious and prodigious exhibitions) could approve the appearance of a child player already hackneyed on the stage of the *Princess's Theatre*, when Ernst and Molique have compositions to offer yet unknown—when Joachim is here, the most promising genius of the day, and signaly improved since his last visit. Madile, Wilhelmine Neruda—whom we may name, since there is small chance of our remarks reaching her painfully—has been capitally trained,—and may, in time, emulate those more distinguished girl-violinists, the sisters Milanollo; but childish curiosity and indulgent applause—were they not destructive to their victim—are not the emotions to excite which the *Philharmonic Concerts* were founded. An artistic exhibition is thereby sunk to one of those *inane* shows which persons of quality, not nice in their pleasures, may frequent, but from which the thoughtful and the accomplished recoil. Neither music nor morality (in the high sense of the latter word) will accredit such puerile and catch-penny work. In short, if the Society act as if it existed merely to feed London self-importance, or to do honour to special introductions, let it take heed lest some other, established on a wider basis, push it "from its stool." Its band is no longer our best orchestra,—being notoriously inferior as regards certain important wind-instruments. Its vocal performances are unquestionably less distinguished than they were in the days when Sontag, Malibran, Pasta, Stockhausen, and such artists habitually appeared. The masterpieces of instrumental music are less young than they were; and few new works of first-class interest (now that Mendelssohn is gone) must, for a while at least, be looked for. There is, then, every need for the widest, largest, least sectarian vigilance to make amends for the inevitable effects of Time and Change. Its cordial kindness—which means the plainest truth—we lay these matters before the Directors: and shall continue to do so till their present disposition 'to nod'—which has succeeded to the revival of their olden prosperity with a discouraging readiness—shall have given place to more energetic and generous counsels."

The programme of the eighth and last concert comes, very unfortunately, as an extra justification of the above. Charles Hallé does not play, after all. Cast your eye, reader, over the following:—

Sinfonia in E flat—*Mozart*; trio, pianoforte, clarinet, and tenor, Messrs. Lindsey Sloper, Williams, and Hill—*Mozart*; overture, MS., "Ruy Blas"—*Mendelssohn*; sinfonia in C minor—*Beethoven*; concerto, violoncello, Mr. Hancock—*Krafft*; Jubilee overture—*Weber*. Vocal Performers, Madame Persiani and Herr Pischek. Conductor, Mr. Costa.

We shall have much more to say next week in our notice of the concert and general review of the season.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BOOK III.

ON THE ART OF THE ETRURIANS AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

CHAP. II.

(Continued from page 373.)

VI. AMONG the goddesses, a Juno on the three-sided altar in the Villa Borghese, already mentioned, should be especially remarked. She holds a large pair of pincers with both her hands, and was likewise represented in this manner by the Greeks. This was a Juno Martialis, and the pincers probably indicated a peculiar order of battle in the attack, which was called a "forceps," and the expression was used, "forceps et serræ pincellari," when an army in battle was so divided that it inclosed the enemy in the middle, and could make an opening in the same manner, when, while occupied in front, it was to be attacked in the rear. Venus was represented with a dove in her hand, and thus she stands clothed on the three-sided altar already mentioned. On the same work may be seen another clothed goddess, with a flower in her hand (*a*), which might denote another Venus, for she holds a flower on a round work in the Campidoglio, described below. On the base of one of the two beautiful three-sided candelabra which were in the Barberini Palace, Venus is likewise represented in this manner (*b*). These candelabra, however, are Greek works. A statue with a dove, which Mr. Spence says he saw at Rome not long before my time, is now no longer in existence. He is inclined to consider this figure a Genius of Naples, and quotes a few passages from a poet on the subject. A small Etruscan Venus (*as it is wrongly deemed*), in the Gallery of Florenee, with an apple in her hand, is also cited. This apple is not in the same predicament as the violin of the small brass Apollo in the same place, about the age of which Mr. Addison should not have been doubtful, for this is manifestly a modern addition. The three Graces may be seen clothed, as among the most ancient Greeks, upon the Borghese altar; they have just laid hold of each other's hands, and are engaged in dancing. Gori wrongly supposed that he had seen them undressed on a patera.

VII. After these observations on the Etruscan figures of the gods, I shall endeavour, in the second division of this first section, to point out the principal works of Etruscan art, that from these I may draw my conclusions as to their character of design, and the style of their artists. I must here lament the scantiness of our knowledge, in consequence of which we cannot always venture to distinguish the Etruscan from the earliest Greek art. For, on the one hand the similarity of the Etruscan works to the Greek makes us uncertain, while on the other there are some works which have been discovered in Tuscany, and are like the Greek works of a good period (*c*). Let us make the preliminary remark, that old Etruscan works differ from the Greek in this particular—that in many of them, especially those engraved in brass and stone, the name is added to the figures both of gods and heroes, which was not the case among the Greeks in their most flourishing period. Instances to the contrary may indeed be found upon some gems, among which I recollect a small *Niccolò* in the Duke Caraffa Noja's Museum, where the words *AOH ΘΕΑ*, *i. e.*, the "Goddess Pallas," stand by a figure of the goddess. But both the shape of the letters and the figure itself belong to very low times of art, when they began to put more than a line of inscription about their figures.

SELECT VARIORUM NOTES.

(a) The question, *which* of the figures on the Borghese altar is really intended by the author, is not without difficulty. In the upper row Neptune is standing by a goddess, holding something in her hand, which, at the time when Winckelmann wrote, and when the monument had not been cleaned, was perhaps indistinct, and looked like flowers. Now, however, it can easily be seen that this goddess is Ceres, and that she holds ears of corn. In the lower row, the first of the three Horæ has in her hand a flower with a long stalk—if indeed it is not a branch with young fruit. But it is highly improbable that the author did not rightly interpret these figures, especially as they are on the side of the monument which could be conveniently seen in his time.—*Meyer*.

(b) Other antiquaries have considered that this figure on the *quondam* Barberini Candelabrum, is intended for Hope; and Visconti, who is of this opinion, maintains, against Winckelmann, that the latter, in his explanation, has not had regard to the innumerable monuments which exhibit similar figures with the Latin inscription "Spes" and the Greek *ελπίς*. To this we reply, that the figure on the "round work" (the mouth of a spring) in the Museum Capitolinum, which is likewise cited by Winckelmann, and which is unquestionably a Venus, is usually represented with a flower, and that, consequently, this goddess can be represented on other monuments in a similar manner. Moreover, the assertion is unfounded, that the ancient monuments with figures of Hope have been overlooked by our author, for he has made mention of her in his "Ancient Monuments," where, while, as here, he explains this figure on the candelabrum to be a Venus, he expressly adds—"A flower, *viz.*, the lily, used likewise to be the symbol of Hope." Finally, if the antiquarians who interpret the figure on the candelabrum otherwise than Winckelmann, find that it is very appropriate and favourable to the probability of their opinion, that Hope should appear in company with Mars and Minerva, who are on the other sides, we may reply, that it is just as appropriate and probable that Venus should be associated with Mars and Minerva, especially as on the companion specimen—*i. e.*, the second of the *quondam* Barberini Candelabra—three of the higher deities, namely, Jupiter, Juno, and Mercury, are represented.—*Meyer*.

(c) This expression of the author is remarkable, inasmuch as it gives the point of view from which all his opinions on works of Etruscan and early Greek work must be judged, and also shows how he progressed in his knowledge of these monuments. At present, many may be in possession of better information; but we must modestly recollect that Winckelmann's Capital has borne interest for a long time, and that since then a number of monuments of the early style have been some newly discovered, and some examined with more attention. He has rendered Archaeology a most important service, inasmuch as he removed one of the greatest impediments, by reducing to its proper limits the extravagant prejudice in favour of old Etruscan art, and reclaimed for Greek art so many important monuments, which an antiquated notion had given to the Etruscans. In consequence of this consideration, any objections which we may have to make with respect to monuments still placed by the author among works of Etruscan art, will be, not as a contradiction to his opinion, but as a farther progress upon the path which he himself opened.—*Meyer*.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

NO. CCXL.

BREAK, sunbeam, break through clouds that fain would hide

Thy lustre; rest awhile upon the earth;

Deserted, desolate, she mourns the dearth

Of light, and long has for thy presence cried,

Come, sunbeam, come! but come not in thy pride,

As if thou, by some magic, couldst give birth

To images of joy, and dreams of mirth.

Come, come with consolation—nought beside;

And I, with my old faith in sympathy

Between the world within and that without,

Will thy bright coming as an omen prize;

To me thou shalt a cheering angel be;—

And I will struggle against gloomy doubt,

Clutching at faith in thy vague prophecies.

N. D.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(Continued from page 374.)

XXVIII. LET these things be as they are and always were. With respect to the sources of the Nile, no one either of the Egyptians, or the Libyans, or the Greeks, who conversed with

me, professed to know them, excepting the "Grammatistes" (a) of the sacred treasures of Athena; and he appeared to me to be jesting, when he said that he knew them perfectly. He said that there were two mountains coming to a point at the summit, situated between Syene, a city of the Thebaid and Elephantine, and that these mountains are named, one "Crophi," the other "Mophi" (b). The sources of the Nile, which were bottomless, flowed, he said, from the middle of these mountains, one-half of the water flowing northward to Egypt, the other half southward to Ethiopia. To show that the sources were bottomless, he told me that Psammitichus, king of Egypt, had made an experiment with respect to this point; for that having made a cable thousands of orgyiae long, he had let it down at this spot, and had not touched bottom. This explanation was given by the Grammatistes, referring, as I think—if his words be true—to some strong whirlpools, and a reflux in that spot, so that through the waters dashing against the mountains, the plummet cannot reach the bottom.

XXIX. I did not learn more from any one; but, pursuing my inquiries as far as possible, I learned thus much, being myself an eye-witness as far as the city of Elephantine, and, beyond that point, relying upon hearsay. As we go up the country from Elephantine, the land is high. Here a boat should be drawn along, with a cable fastened on each side, as to an ox (c). If the cable breaks, the boat is carried away by the force of the current. This place is equal to four days' journey. Here the Nile has windings like the Meander. The length of the journey that must be performed in the way I have described is twelve schœni, and then you come to a level plain, where the Nile flows round an island, which is called Tachompsos (d). Ethiopians inhabit the country above Elephantine and half the island, while the other half is occupied by Egyptians. Contiguous to this island is a great lake (e), the borders of which are inhabited by the Ethiopian Nomades. Crossing this lake, you will come again to the Nile, which flows into it, and then landing you will travel alongside of the river for forty days; for here in the Nile there are sharp rocks, and many stones above the surface of the water, through which it is impossible to pass. After traversing this country, in forty days you will go into another, and continue your journey by water for twelve days, at the end of which you will come to a great city, called Meroe (f). This city is said to be the metropolis of the other Ethiopians. The only gods worshipped here are Zeus and Dionysus [Bacchus] (g), who are greatly honoured. Here, too, there is an oracle of Zeus. They set out on military expeditions when the god orders them by his responses, going whither he commands them.

XXX. Going by water, you will come to the Automoli, in the same time as that which you came from Elephantine to the metropolis of the Ethiopians. These Automoli are called Asmach (h)—a word which, translated into Greek, signifies those who stand at the left hand of the king. They were, originally, 240,000 Egyptian warriors (i), who deserted to these Ethiopians from the following causes:—

In the reign of King Psammitichus a garrison was stationed in the city of Elephantine, as a defence against the Ethiopians; another in the Pelusiac Daphne against the Arabians and Syrians, and another in Maros against Libya. In my time there are Persian garrisons in the same places, as these were under Psammitichus, for they are stationed at Elephantine and Daphne. These Egyptians had remained thus in garrison for three years, without any one coming to relieve them, when they all with one accord deserted from Psammitichus, and went to Ethiopia. Psammitichus, hearing of this, pur-

sued them. When he had overtaken them he requested them, in many words, not to leave their native gods, their children, and their wives; but one of them, it is said, replied that wherever they went they would find wives and children.* When these came to Ethiopia, they gave themselves up to the king of the Ethiopians, who recompensed them thus: certain Ethiopians by birth were his enemies, and he commanded the Egyptian deserters to expel them from their country, and to occupy it themselves. When they had settled among the Ethiopians, the latter became more civilised, learning the Egyptian manners.

NOTES.

(a) This officer, as understood by Heeren, was the treasurer, who took care of the revenues of the temple. The goddess, whom Herodotus calls by the Greek name, Athena (Minerva), was the Egyptian deity, Neith.

(b) According to Champollion, "Mophi," in the Egyptian tongue, signified "good," and "Crophi" "bad."

(c) That is, in the same manner as ropes were fastened to the horns of ruminant oxen, to lead them to the altar.

(d) Supposed by Heeren to be the present Kalabshe, or another island some miles distant.

(e) Of this lake there are now no traces.

(f) According to Heeren, the present Atbar.

(g) Greek names to denote (Jupiter) Ammon and Osiris.

(h) According to Diodorus Siculus these Egyptians deserted, not from the cause here stated, but because Psammitichus, marching into Syria, placed them in his left wing, while he placed the foreign soldiers in his right.

(i) That is, persons belonging to the Warrior-caste.

(To be continued.)

* The original is not exactly translated here. Those who have read the Greek will not ask *why*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE *Matrimonio Segreto* was repeated on Saturday and Tuesday evenings, and was followed by the new ballet, *La Prima Ballerina*.

On Thursday *Lucrezia Borgia* was revived, for the purpose of introducing Signor Moriani to the public, in Gennaro, one of his popular parts. Signor Moriani is, or, more properly, has been, a tenor of high repute in Italy, and appeared some years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre, when his success by no means came up to the expectation of his friends. He performed, we believe, but for one season, and has not appeared in London since. His present engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre was quite fortuitous. He was passing through London on some professional tour, and Mr. Lumley obtained his services for three performances.

Signor Moriani has a powerful and well-regulated tenor voice; it is, however, devoid of sweetness, and possesses little of that sympathetic charm, without which the most capable organ fails to delight, in a great measure. His style is exceedingly laboured, and the appearance of effort pervades all his effects. He never sings in a natural manner, and never seems to forget that he is doing his best to obtain the applause of pit, stalls, boxes, and galleries. To every phrase is given a particular meaning, to every note a particular emphasis. In order to effect this, accents must be strained and simple tones drawled; violence must be used where no violence was intended, and ease and grace sacrificed. As an actor, Signor Moriani possesses great energy and impulse, and, were his judgment equal to these, he might be entitled to take his rank amongst the best dramatic artists; but his acting abounds with the same faults of exaggeration as his singing, and this must ever prove a bar to his greatness. The dying scene in the last act of *Lucrezia Borgia* betrayed the faults both of his

singing and acting. His notes were droned out to an inconceivable length, and the effects of the poison were rendered as if it were a symphony of pain, whose time was regulated by the metronome. We must acknowledge the death-scene produced a great effect on different sections of the audience, but that did not go a great way to alter our opinions. We prefer Mario's intensity and reality to all Signor Moriani's elaboration and painful intentions; but, after all, it would be preposterous to draw a comparison between the two artists. Signor Moriani sang the first *romanza*, "Il pescator," with much feeling—too much, perhaps—and was very effective in his *mezza-voce* singing. In the trio and duet in the second act he was not so happy, nor did he come out with the force for which we gave him credit. He was greatly applauded throughout.

Madile. Parodi, during her engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, has had the misfortune to choose, or has laboured under the disadvantage of being compelled to choose, all Grisi's great parts. Now, if there be one character in which Grisi appears more sublime than any other, it is Lucrezia in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and so great is the impression she has made in it for years, that it is nothing short of an injustice to put any new artist into the part. We have frequently done justice to Madile. Parodi's great talents, and are inclined on the present occasion to pay them as much homage as ever—nay, more than ever, for we consider she had a most arduous and trying part to sustain. Indeed, were it not for those busy recollections, which unfortunately we could not get rid of, we should have felt highly delighted at Madile. Parodi's performance. Her acting was dignified and energetic, and her singing marked by more than ordinary force and expression. Her first song, the "Come è bello," did not greatly please us. It was given with timidity, and a slight uncertainty in the intonation. She recovered her voice, however, in the second act, and sang in the trio and duet with great effect. The last scene was powerfully acted, and several new points claimed the attention of the spectators.

Lablache's Alfonso, if not one of the great basso's most striking performances, is, nevertheless, powerful and impressive. He sings the "Vendetta" song with tremendous effect.

Is it necessary to say one word of Albion's Maffeo Orsini, or Albion's Brindisi, the immortal "Il segreto per esser felice," made immortal by the glorious soprano-contralto, or the inevitable triple encore, or the inevitable enthusiasm? Shall we repeat an oft-told tale, and deal in iteration? No; our readers may well imagine the effect of Albion's singing, which on Thursday evening was as transcendent as ever.

Mr. Lumley, with praiseworthy emulation, has followed the example of the Covent Garden management, and has introduced most of the principal singers of his establishment into the choruses. The assistance afforded by the Signors Coletti, Belletti, F. Lablache, and others, in strengthening the choral force, was seriously felt in the mask and supper scenes. In short the opera, as a whole, was most carefully and effectively performed.

The new ballet, *La Prima Ballerina*, is played every night with great success. On Tuesday Madile. Rosati was taken suddenly ill in the middle of one of her *pas*, and was carried off fainting; the ballet was cut short in consequence. We have great pleasure in notifying the return of this elegant and accomplished artist to her performances on Thursday.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE performances of the past week have been the *Don Giovanni* on Saturday, the *Huguenots* on Tuesday, and the

Matrimonio Segreto on Thursday, the first time of representation at the Royal Italian Opera.

The *Don Giovanni* demands a word of remark for the completeness with which it was given on Saturday, and the admirable manner in which the artists acquitted themselves. Grisi and Mario were in splendid voice, and sang with immense effect. Tamburini, by his magnificent singing and splendid acting, seemed determined to show the futility of all modern Dons entering the field of competition with him. We never heard him sing more delightfully, nor saw him act with more intense power and life-like reality. Like an eagle in a dove-cot, he fluttered away all the *Don Giovanni* reputations that have of late found favour in public eyes.

The *Huguenots* of Tuesday was decidedly the best performance of the opera this season. Now that the weather has become warmer and less changeable, the voices of the artists have recovered their tone and power. Mario and Marini, who have suffered so much from colds lately, sang with all their old force and energy; and this, together with Grisi's glorious singing and acting, made the opera go off with immense *éclat*. Sims Reeves, also, who had not appeared in the previous performance in consequence of indisposition, came back renovated in health and vocal energy, and gave the usual effect to the "Rataplan." The applause was tremendous, and the performance excited an enthusiasm quite unprecedented even at the Royal Italian Opera.

Not having bestowed our praises on the *Matrimonio Segreto* at Her Majesty's Theatre, we shall not alter our sentiments in favour of Covent Garden. The music made exactly the same impression on us, and more than confirmed us in our opinions. The cast was immensely strong, and embraced the following artists:—Persiani (Carolina), Grisi (Elisetta), Angri (Fidalma), Mario (Paolino), Tagliafico (Robinson), and Tamburini (Geronimo).

The chief novelty of the cast was Tamburini's Geronimo. At first, it was announced that Ronconi should play the part, Tamburini retaining his own character, Count Robinson; differences, however, arose between Ronconi and the management, the result of which was a refusal by Ronconi to perform, and Tamburini was applied to to undertake the part. Never having appeared in Geronimo, having but little time to study it, with Lablache's tremendous name staring him full in the face, and with his own reputation at stake, it will be readily conceded that the artist had but little to expect, and much to fear. Without the slightest reference to brevity of time, or the consequence of a first appearance, we may pronounce Tamburini's performance of Geronimo a complete and signal success. First impressions are not easily eradicated, more especially when the grounds of them are laid by Lablache in a favourite part; but so great was the effect produced on us by Tamburini, that we doubt, if we had seen him first, if we should not have preferred him to his great contemporary. The new Geronimo, without departing from the established view of the character, plays it in an entirely different manner from the old. If he has not the same oiliness and rotund gravity, he has more variety and more finish. But comparison is out of the question between two such immense artists—for immense they would not merit being called if they were anything less than original. At all events, to judge by the effect produced, Tamburini's performance was every whit as great as Lablache's. He excited roars of laughter in every scene, and elicited unbound applause.

Reader, fancy *Don Giovanni*, Count Almaviva, and Linda's father, in Geronimo!

The opera was most admirably, nay inimitably, played and

sung throughout. There was scarcely a flaw to be found in the performance; and although the music had but little charms for us, we forgave Cimarosa for setting before us such a splendid array of talent. We need not enter into details. Grisi and Persiani are already well known in their respective parts; not so Angri, who essayed her part for the first time. The fair contralto produced a great impression. She acted and sang with immense spirit, and was loudly applauded in her only aria, "E vero che in casa." Mario sang most deliciously, and was encored in the aria in the second act. Encores were also awarded to the trio "Le faccio un inchino," and to the favourite duet, "Se fato in corpo avete." The band was perfect.

The opera was followed by the last act of the *Sonnambula*, in which Mdme. Persiani and Sims Reeves obtained the usual honour in the "Ah! non giunge," and the "Tutto e sciolto."

Mdme. Persiani has renewed her engagement for three more performances.

The house is crowded to inconvenience every night.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

On Wednesday a new five-act tragic play was produced, under the title of *Strathmore*. The story is taken from Scottish history, and belongs to the times of the Covenanters, and to that particular period when the sect of wild enthusiasts was broken and disbanded, but still retained strength and power enough to annoy the Royalists by sallies and sorties from their mountain fastnesses. The atrocities committed on both sides are well known, and have been made familiar through the pages of *Old Mortality*, if not through those of history. The author has chosen a period pregnant with remarkable events and remarkable men, and yet has scarcely availed himself of the one or the other, but has drawn his sketch applicable to the times, and slightly coloured with historical hues. If contrast be the glory of the dramatic writer, then has the author of *Strathmore* been singularly fortunate in falling upon the days of the Covenanters, whose gloomy fanaticism, wild enthusiasm, rigidity of feature and sternness of demeanour were strongly opposed to the licentiousness, irreligion, and freedom of manners of the Royalists. We find in the play much stress laid upon this antagonism of character, and the interest turns upon the political differences of two friends, by which they are involved in circumstances at once strange and irremediable. The plot runs thus:—

Katharine Lorn (Mrs. Charles Kean), daughter to Sir Rupert Lorn (Mr. H. Hughes), a Royalist, is betrothed to Halbert Strathmore (Mr. Charles Kean), a gentleman of loyal family, but whose heart and hand are with the cause of the Covenanters. Sir Rupert suspects the loyalty of his intended son-in-law, and a rupture ensues, when Strathmore is turned from the house after an affecting interview with Katherine. At a meeting of the Covenanters, among whom we recognize our old friend, John Balfour of Burley (Mr. Rogers), but shorn of all his might, we learn of the murder of Archbishop Sharpe, and the revenge taken by the Royalists in the slaughter of a defenceless party, with an aged clergyman, while engaged in their devotion. Strathmore, who is present, is horrified at this foul and unnatural deed; and when asked what the miscreant deserved who could perpetrate such an atrocity, answers, "death." He is astonished at learning the author of the deed is no other than Sir Rupert Lorn. The Covenanters determine to have the blood of the Royalist knight, and plan how

they may best seize on his castle, and get him into their power. Strathmore is applied to, as one knowing the secret passes leading to the castle, to conduct the party. He at first refuses, but recollecting Sir Rupert's life can only be saved through his intervention, he takes upon himself to guide the troops of the Covenanters. Now commence the serious intricacies of the play. The castle of Sir Rupert is surprised, himself taken prisoner, and led to trial. At the trial he acknowledges and glories in his guilt; the Covenanters call aloud for his death; Strathmore endeavours to save him, and under his conflicting emotion goes mad. This is the grand defect of the play. It was certainly a great ordeal for Strathmore to enter the mansion of his ancient friend forcibly, at the head of his sworn foes, and that friend the father of his betrothed wife, to be appointed his judge, and all but obliged to condemn him to death; yet we see nothing in the situation, however oppressive, against which a strong mind would not bear itself up by an effort. All through the trial scene, Strathmore deports himself more like a weak girl than a strong man appointed to lead rugged soldiers to battle and to conquest. But be our argument right or wrong, the effect of this scene went nigh to peril the success of the play, although Charles Kean acted with unusual power and discrimination. When the curtain fell on the third act, the feeling was unsatisfactory in the extreme. The fourth act, however, in a great measure, redeemed all previous defects.

An attempt is made by Isabel (Miss Reynolds), wife of Henry Lorn, Sir Rupert's son, to tamper with Bryceland (Mr. Howe), a loose follower, but trusted soldier of the Covenanters, who stipulates for the hand of Isabel, not knowing she is married, as the price of his setting Sir Rupert free. The lady trifles with Bryceland, but we cannot exactly discover to what purpose their several interviews tend, as their results have no possible power over the catastrophe. While these are going forward, Katherine solicits an interview with Strathmore, which, after some hesitation, is granted. This scene is written with great dramatic and poetical skill. Katharine pleads for the life of her father. Strathmore, torn by contending passions, is yet inflexible in his justice. The lady proposes a respite of three days, saying by that time the King's troops are sure to arrive. The mention of the royal troops, and their probable arrival, rouses the young captain of the Covenanters to save his party, and he attempts to rush from the room. Katharine places herself before him, tells him he shall not stir, recalls to his mind, in language of great beauty, their days of childhood, and the time when Sir Rupert dandled him on his knee, points out to him the chair by which they knelt together in prayer, and drawing him, half dead with emotion, towards the fire place, makes him stand on the hearth, and bids him now, if he can, rush out and sacrifice his old friend, and the father of his ancient love. The young man falls senseless at her feet, and the curtain falls. This was a splendid climax, and was most admirably acted. The effect, we fancy, would have been greater, but for the mad scene in the previous act.

The last act goes very heavily, and the *denouement* is not very happy. One really fine scene, nevertheless, hinders it from entirely sinking in interest. The king's troops arrive, the Covenanters are vanquished, and Strathmore changes place with Sir Rupert. The latter now is the powerful party, and he offers Strathmore freedom and life, on condition of signing a paper abnegating all his former principles, and subscribing to the ruling powers. Katharine brings him the paper, and asks him to sign it. Upon his refusing, she entreats him, with all the power of a loving heart, to live for her sake, and not to die a traitor's death, through a scrupulous regard to honour.

Her arguments and beauty might well outweigh all feelings and opinions save those dictated and confirmed by the most rigid sense of right. Strathmore appeals to herself, how he shall act in this emergency; whether, through the gates of life, he shall drag out an existence of shame, or by death be true to his oath and substantiate the noble sentiments of his youth. In language highly poetical and worthy of the subject he points to the pangs that should ever torment him, should he live a traitor to his truth, and the impossibility of ever looking again with the same holiness and purity of affection upon her who had counselled him to his eternal shame. "After this," he enquires, "shall I live?" "No!" exclaimed the heroic girl, "no, Strathmore—die!" and flings herself into his arms. The catastrophe is feeble, and greatly disappoints all previous expectation. The author, seeing the difficulty of getting his hero out of the scrape into which he had fallen, and conceiving it would have absorbed too much time to have him taken to trial and execution, makes Strathmore expire on the stage, from the double effects of the wounds he had received in the skirmish, and mental emotion. We can have no serious objections to this conclusion, as it is abundantly natural and effective; but it is hardly in keeping with the romance of the story, and is too common to gratify the interest already raised.

The same attention has not been paid to the development of the characters, as to the unfolding of the story. Katharine Lorn is too much tintured with the colorings of the stage heroine. Her language is not only high-flown, but epigrammatic. Her sentences are terse, pointed, poetical—every thing but natural. She seems a creature made to trumpet the author's poetic powers, and to condescend very seldom to the prosaics of every-day life. Shakespear and Fielding seem to be the only authors who interest us in their heroines, by making them say little or nothing—Ophelia and Sophy Western, to wit. The language put into Katharine's mouth is frequently too diffuse, and would be all the better were it a little more homely.

The character of Strathmore is enfeebled by rendering him too keenly susceptible to every passing emotion. In the third act he goes mad, in the fourth he faints, and in the last he dies—a child of sensibility all through. If it be the writer's aim to paint the effects of conflicting passions on a highly sensitive mind, nothing can be more eminently successful; but we have our strong doubts if this were his intentions, and think, rather, that he has fallen into an error from not sufficiently studying his character.

We shall not take the trouble to point out the mistakes committed in portraying Isabella; nor mark the inutility of travelling to Paris for a *soubrette*; nor attempt to recall several minor faults, which we noted in the performance, but which have now escaped us; but shall proceed to the more pleasing task of recording the great and unequivocal success of the new play. We have seldom witnessed a new drama in which more genuine applause was elicited, or one in which at any part of the performance there was less fear of its success. Although the mad scene in the third act did not please generally, and the commencement of the fifth act hung fire, yet there was displayed throughout the performance no expression but that of unqualified delight. Indeed, from beginning to end, the audience was quite enthusiastic, and though much of this feeling must undoubtedly be set down to the friendly exhibitions of a first night, yet most of the applause was greatly deserved. The author has given us a play worthy a place in the annals of our literature.

The acting was excellent in almost every instance, and in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, was truly admirable.

Mr. Charles Kean had an arduous part to support, and we do not think he ever achieved a more gratifying triumph. The mad scene, despite the objections we have thrown out above, was rendered with singular force and vividness, and had the situation been more impressive, must have produced a more powerful effect than it did. The scenes with Katharine in the fourth and fifth act were still better, and created an immense sensation.

The set poetic phrases of the earlier scenes of Katharine, appeared somewhat repugnant to the natural feeling of Mrs. Charles Kean, and it was only when the character warmed into passion, that this delightful artist exhibited all the grace and charms of her style. The highest praise could do no more than justice to her performance. The scene with Isabel, after the castle has been taken and her father imprisoned, and when she learns Strathmore is the chief mover of all, was given with great reality; and the sudden burst of feeling when the thought crosses her brain, that her lover has headed the attack on the castle only to save her father, was intensely dramatic, and wound up the audience to a great pitch of excitement. In the two scenes with Strathmore, the nature and pathos of Mrs. Charles Kean's acting were witnessed to perfection. The tears of the spectators were the best compliment to this delightful display of art.

Buckstone had a small part to play, but Buckstone can do wonders with any part. The character has nothing whatever to do with the story, and was no doubt written to order. It is needless to add that Buckstone renders it highly amusing.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam went through the performance of a French chambermaid very prettily; and Miss Reynolds looked well and dressed splendidly in Isabel.

The three principal Covenanters were sustained by Mr. Stuart, who made his first appearance for two years, and was welcomed with much warmth, Mr. H. Holl, and Mr. Rogers. The last gentleman played John Balfour, of Burley, but had little to do or say. Mr. Stuart acted with more than his usual force, and came out with great effect in several portions of the play.

The dresses and appointments were splendid, and the scenery new and appropriate. With respect to the dresses, however, we question if Mrs. Kean and Miss Reynolds appearing in magnificent ball costumes, with flowing trains, &c., was entirely consonant with the usage of Scotch society in 1679, especially in a lonely and remote castle. We throw out the hint gratuitously, for the *costumier* of the Haymarket Theatre.

At the end of the drama, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean were called for, and were received with the most enthusiastic demonstrations.

MARYLEBONE.

[Mr. SPICER's new play of the *Witch Wife*, after a considerable delay from the indisposition of Mrs. Mowatt, was produced on Monday evening, to a crowded audience. It is strange that the belief in witchcraft (on which the piece is founded), with the terrible consequences in which it so often involved its victims, has not oftener afforded materials to modern dramatists. The cause may possibly be found in the difficulty of investing with the lofty attributes of the tragic drama, incidents and persons drawn from the class to which alone witchcraft was imputed; that is—old women of the very lowest ranks of life—the so-called refuse of society. A popular superstition which, in the words of Sir Walter Scott, "could lead men to torture wretches till they confessed what was impossible, and then hang them for their pains," must, one would think, afford abundant materials to genius subtle enough to divest the subject of its coarse and vulgar associations, and

to clothe it with the interest of which it must assuredly be capable. The story of the new play is very simple. The time is the year 1634. In the first scene—the hall of Sir Gerald Mole, a country magistrate—Alison Devise, an old woman, is arraigned for witchcraft. The proofs against her are produced, and consist, among other things, of a bit of a birch-broom, a kitten, and a string of beads, found in her possession. Alison is about to be committed, but is saved for the present, partly through the intercession of Cecil Howard (Mrs. Mowatt), a niece of Sir Gerald, who recognizes the culprit as her old nurse,—and partly through the remonstrances of Marchmont Needham, a young law-student, and lover of Cecil's (Mrs. Davenport); but this escape from the fangs of the law is only temporary. Matthew Hopkins, a notorious and commissioned witch-finder (Mr. J. Johnson), meeting Cecil and Alison in the neighbouring forest, orders the latter to be again seized, but being struck with the youth and beauty of Cecil, who pleads for her friend, offers to spare his victim if the fair intercessor will become his wife; but his proposal is rejected with scorn and indignation, and he vows in revenge to drag Cecil herself to the scaffold. She imprudently gives him the desired opportunity by holding, in defiance of popular opinion, a night revel at the Malkin Tower, with some companions disguised as witches; she is accordingly seized with Alison, and some others, thrown into prison, and brought to trial, where she is on the point of being condemned to death, when Marchmont Needham rushes into the court with the king's warrant, appointing him Lord Chief Justice. Mounting the bench, he rescinds the proceedings of judge and jury, and releases the prisoners. We are bound to believe that judges, in those days, could do as much, for they could not do so now. Hopkins, the chief witness, leaves the court in a rage, but is presently brought back in a dying state, having become the victim of popular fury. He confesses his designs, absolves the young maiden, and dies, Cecil, of course, becoming the wife of the new made judge.

These incidents are striking, if not very probable, and they follow each other naturally, yet a general impression remains of want of strength in the development of the story. The character of Hopkins, considering that it forms the main link of the action, is not so prominent as it should have been, and Mr. Davenport, as the hero, had very little to do. The best scene, both as to writing and dramatic effect, is that of the mutual declaration of love between Marchmont and Cecil. Nothing could be more fresh and beautiful than Cecil's playful reproach to her lover, that he had just taught her that she was no longer a child. The play is full of touches of the same poetic *vivida vis*. This scene tasked Mrs. Mowatt's feelings and discrimination to the utmost, and a little less apparent effort would have been desirable, a fault which time will probably correct. In the first scene, she was all grace and vivacity. Mrs. Mowatt is an eminent mistress of the toilet; her appearance as she sprang on to the stage, with the light blue mantle thrown carelessly over her shoulders, and her fine auburn hair confined with a simple chaplet of leaves, was the *very beau ideal* of the graceful, appropriate, and becoming. She was received with loud applause after her late indisposition, and was saluted with a shower of bouquets from pit and boxes when she appeared at the end of the play. The piece is admirably put on the stage, although some of the parts might have been more judiciously assigned. We particularly missed the racy humour of Mr. Herbert, as Gab, a rustic lover of Cecil's. The piece had a very flattering reception, and Mr. Spicer was loudly called for, but declined answering the summons.

ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS AND OPERA COMIQUE.—On Wednesday, Mr. Mitchell took his annual benefit, on which occasion Rossini's opera, in two acts, *Le Comte Ory*, given at the *Académie* in Paris, in 1828, was produced for the first time in England. To Mr. Mitchell the subscribers and public owe much gratitude for the able manner with which he has acquitted himself of his arduous duties as manager; and the testimonial presented in their name by the Duke of Beaufort testifies to their sense of the obligation, and must be grateful to him, as the highest reward which could be conferred on his exertions. Before Mr. Mitchell undertook the direction of the French plays, divers attempts had already been made, but, from different causes, all had failed; for none united the greatest requisite of all in a theatrical speculation almost entirely dependent on a small body of subscribers—implicit faith and confidence in the manager's integrity. The public had been deceived too often: and it was only a man of Mr. Mitchell's high standing, known personally to the principal members of the aristocracy, who could at all hope to be able to cope with the difficulties to be surmounted. Mr. Mitchell has stood the test, and we hope successfully and with profit to himself; and we trust he will ever continue to uphold, by his exertions, a branch of amusement without which we should consider the pleasures of the season as incomplete.

Le Comte Ory is certainly one of Rossini's most delightful operas; it abounds in fresh and sparkling melodies, scattered about with a profuse hand, and never flags for an instant. The story turns upon the attempts of a certain Count Ory, the Don Juan of his time, somewhere about the period of the Crusades—for mention is made of Palestine, in a very pretty song and chorus; which Count Ory undertakes to seduce the Countess of Formontier, somewhere in France, no doubt, if we may trust in the name. He is foiled in two attempts he makes: in the first, disguised as a hermit, by his governor; in the second, disguised as a pilgrim, by his page. The moral of the story is, that things remain at the end just as they were at the commencement, which leaves us quite in the dark as to the usual retribution meted out to gentlemen of the Don Juan cast. If, however, the story is not moral, it is amusing, and the music is excellent. The first air of the first act is a very pretty melody, sung by M. Octave, "Que le destin prospère." Unfortunately, it is too high for that gentleman's voice, so that much of the effect is lost; it also demands more execution than M. Octave has at his command, which may be said of the greater part of the music allotted to him throughout the opera. This air is followed by a lively chorus, which was well rendered. The air, "O bon hermite, à mon secours," was delightfully given by Madlle. Charton, who seems quite at home in Rossini's music, and sings the florid passages with the greatest ease. The finale will go better, no doubt, at the next representation. In the second act we have one of the finest duos ever penned by Rossini, "Ah! quel respect, madame," sung by Madlle. Charton and M. Octave. The lady did her part with the greatest facility; but M. Octave, as we said before, was not equal to the effort. There is, however, some excuse in the fact that the music written for A. Nourrit is awfully high, and we know of no tenor but Mario who could do it at the present day. This duo is followed by a spirited chorus of the knights, disguised as pilgrims, which obtained much applause. We must also remark an excellent *buffo* song, capitally done by M. Buguet; and a prayer, without accompaniment, which went remarkably well. On the whole, the music was well executed. Madlle. Charton improves, and delights us in every new character she undertakes;

Madlle. Guichard played the part of the page, Isolier, with much sprightliness; M. Octave had to contend with many difficulties, but managed to get over them; M. Zelger's deep bass voice told well in the concerted pieces; the orchestra and chorus went much to our satisfaction. The piece was carefully got up, was eminently successful, and will be quite sufficient to wind up the opera season, which will now shortly terminate, to give way to M. Arnal and the *vaudeville*.

Aster the opera, Mdme. Cinti Damoreau sang a scene from the *Débutante*, composed by her son, in which she displayed all the capabilities and resources which no artist ever possessed to greater perfection, as regards finish and execution. Mdme. Cinti Damoreau's voice may have lost some of its former freshness, but she possesses that which she cannot lose, and which is the result of incessant and conscientious study; and by those who understand what good singing is she will ever be listened to with pleasure, even twenty years hence. Mdme. Damoreau also sang an air, accompanied by herself, in which she obtained much applause, the first scene being accompanied by M. Benedict. The evening's entertainments terminated by the pretty little piece, *Les extrêmes se touchent*, in which those popular and admirable artists, M. Lafont and M. Doche, played. We refer our readers to the *Musical World* of last year, where they will find an account of it during the period of M. Lafont's engagement. Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present. The house was crowded in every part.

On Saturday a private morning performance took place for the entertainment of the youthful members of the Royal Family. The theatre was most tastefully decorated with flowers for the occasion, and nothing was left undone which could gratify the eyes, as well as the ears, of the Royal children. The performances consisted of a selection from *Fra Diavolo*, songs by the Hungarian vocalists, minuet by Madlle. Rosati and M. Taglioni, feats of vaulting, by Auriol et fils, and a *Divertissement d'enfants*, by juvenile pupils of Mr. and Miss O'Brien. Her Majesty, and the Prince, the Duchess of Kent, and a numerous selection of the nobility and gentry were present. The entertainments passed off to the intense delight of the Royal children, and to the gratification of all present.

J. DE C.—

LETTERS TO A MUSICAL STUDENT.

No. XII.

MINOR CHORDS AND THE MINOR SCALE.

DEAR THEODORE,—“How is it,” asks Göthe of Zelter, in a letter on musical matters, “How is it, that the minor mode is so prevalent in music, even in pieces whose general character is that of cheerfulness?” It is clear that Göthe applied for information to the wrong man, in addressing himself to Zelter, the stern calculating theorist, of whom I have spoken already in my first letter; and the consequence was, as might have been predicted, that the teacher of Mendelssohn Bartholdy could not give any reason whatever for the occurrence of the fact alluded to by Göthe, except *that it was for the sake of variety!* I have, in my previous letters on the minor chords, made frequent use of figures and numerical proportions; this was necessary, to place in a clear light the relative positions of the two modes, and to show that the elements of which the chords of both modes are composed are entirely the same, and that consequently both kinds of chords, as regards their naturality or artificiality, are exactly alike. But the question which is now before us—a question relating to the *character* of the two modes—cannot be settled by a comparison of abstract numbers and dead figures. Here again, as in all cases where the spirituality of our art is concerned, the cool calculating theorist is deserted by his science, and obliged to return to the less clear and demonstrable, but more powerful and convincing impressions of self-observation—to his own heart, and the different effects produced upon it by different musical combinations. And this is another proof that our art is more than a mere aggregate of forms, invented

and combined by the reasoning intellect in man; it shows that it relates to a sphere of human existence different from that of his intellectual powers, and into which the reason is unable to penetrate; it shows, that to understand our art fully, we must endeavour to understand *ourselves*, and seek in us what cannot be found without. “How is it, that the minor mode is so prevalent in music?” “For the sake of variety,” says Zelter; and I am afraid, that his followers—your scientific calculating professors—will not be able to give a much more satisfactory answer. That the minor mode appears very frequently in our music,—that it is still more frequent in systems different from that of modern Europe, is a fact too well known to need of any proof. In Europe the Scandinavians, the Russians, and all Slavonic races, the Spaniards and Portuguese, all sing and play mostly in this mode; the Egyptians, Arabians, and other tribes of Western Asia, have (as we are informed by Laborde and Villoteau) a system of sounds very different from both our major and minor mode, but much more similar to the latter than to the former; whilst we see from the accounts of Amiot (“Mémoire concernant les Chinois”), that the music of the Chinese, whose system is based, like that of the Scotch and ancient Welch music, on a circle of fourths, has all that tendency to the minor mode which distinguishes the latter, and is especially observable at the close of periods. From this we see, that the minor mode is prevalent mostly amongst nations who either have but little advanced in that music which is called modern European, or adopted a system entirely different from the latter. This observation leads to a most powerful—almost unanswerable objection to the opinion of those who would make the minor mode a produce of human intellect, an artificial, unnatural combination of sounds. For if the minor harmony be pre-eminently an artificial one—if, on the other hand, the major harmony and scale be altogether natural, how does it happen that those nations whose music has scarcely any other theory but that of nature and tradition, should sing in a mode which is essentially artificial; whilst those who have cultivated the scientific, intellectual side of the musical art, should adopt as a favourite mode of expression that which is said to be derived directly from nature, and to contain no traces of human ingenuity? This is a question which shows at once the absurdity of making one of our modes the produce of arbitration, and calling the other a natural one. They are both employed by people whose music might be called emphatically the music of nature; they are both employed by nations whose musical system is to a great extent an offspring of science; therefore they are both artistic forms, neither of them more or less natural than the other.

In what, then, does the difference between the major and minor mode consist? In answering this question, I must once more go back to that which I have laid down as the cause and origin of all art. In many of my previous Letters I have endeavoured to prove that art is the manifestation and necessary consequence of man's present spiritual and bodily condition. When fallen from that state of blessed happiness, for which he was originally destined by his Maker,—when the Divine image had been lost, the peace with himself and the surrounding world destroyed, his direct intercourse with the higher beings cut off, and “death” came into the world “through sin,” then man could not, but with feelings of the deepest pain, compare his present condition with his original one; the recollection of what he had lost must throw a hue of deep melancholy over his life, and deprive it even of those charms and pleasures which the fall had left to it. But, to save him from utter despair, a ray of cheering light was thrown into the darkness of his heart by his offended but all-kind Creator. With the sad recollection of his former blessed state, and the secret longing for its restoration, other feelings of a brighter nature were implanted into his breast; faith, love, and hope were given to him, as the leading-stars to his final reconciliation and reunion with his Maker—as the forerunners and harbingers of a more glorious light—the light of eternal happiness. These were the three pillars which should support the trembling heart of fallen man—to them he clung, like the evergreen to the sturdy oak, looking forward to the return of that glorious spring, whose recollection not even the ice and snow of many a winter night has been able to kill. Thus, then, my dear Theodore, are we essentially double beings, divided between grief and joy, despair and hope, fear and confidence; our spiritual nature is, as F. von Schlegel observes, of a *symbolic character*,

inasmuch as our present state has its basis in the past, and its fulfilment only in the future. And what is the medium through which this symbolism of the human heart manifests—reveals itself? This is no other than *art*, and, amongst the arts, pre-eminently that of sound. Have you not perceived, when listening to the strains of music, how a feeling of melancholy steals over your heart, even if those strains be of a joyful character?—how an indefinite longing for something you do not know—a melancholy yearning after something which you fancy to have once possessed—is wafted into your soul on the undulating waves of the sounds that strike your ear? This, Theodore, is the first effect of music. But then comes the counterpart. The hue of melancholy and sadness, which had spread itself over the feelings of the listener, disappears under the continued influence of the same musical strains; visions of a happy past and happier future appear before the enchanted eye; by the magic power of the trembling sound the old man wanders back to the scenes, the sunny, blooming fields of his childhood, over which eighty winters have blown their chilling winds; the youth sees before him a realisation of his romantic dreams of a life where all is joy and happiness; through the night of your sorrow, the three stars—faith, love, and hope, send their cheering everlasting light, and you exclaim with Wackenroder,*—“That is it what I dreamt of, what I longed for—sweet charming music!—now I am happy!”

If music, then, be a true and direct expression of this double nature in man; if the symbolic or romantic (which is almost the same, though not so general,) life of the soul reveal itself so palpably through the art of sound, the question arises, which are the elements in this art, serving as the medium of expression for the plaintive or the joyful emotions which temporarily reign over the soul? Here it must be observed, that in general *all* three elements in music—melody, rhythm, and harmony—have a character congenial for the symbolic double being, the fallen man; they all produce that mingled sensation of melancholy, longing, hope, and satisfaction described above; and the single waves of sound typifies in its undulations the heavings of the soul. Whatever music you hear, the general effect is always the same; forgetfulness of the cold reality, absorption in the ideality of fancy; tears of sadness mingled with thrills of joy. But this general effect becomes modified, or, if I may say so, individualized by the preponderating tendency of some forms in music towards either the joyful or the sorrowful. Some combinations, some series of sounds, some rhythmical forms have a decided leaning towards the plaintive and melancholy, whilst others possess more a character of cheerfulness. And it is by the manner in which these two elements are mixed, that a work of the musical art receives its individual character. How the general direction of musical strains, and the different rhythmical forms are possessed more or less of one of the two opposite characters, I have endeavoured to show in my previous letters on melody and rhythm. But there are two other forms in which their difference of character manifests itself still more strikingly. They are the major and the minor modes. Here the tendency of the former to inspire feelings of a brighter hue, whilst the latter throws melancholy shadows over the listening heart, is so perspicuous, so directly telling, that a person must have no feelings at all to be unsusceptible to it. It is true that the minor mode, by the grouping of its sounds, and its rhythmical arrangement, may be made the expression of hilarity, playfulness and mirth; but its smiles are moistened by tears, its joy and mirth is a forced one, and its laughs mockeries, the outbreaks of disappointment, despair, or rage. And so paints many a beautiful adagio the sufferings of an oppressed heart in the tones of the major mode, weeps tears of slighted love, of undeserved punishment or misfortunes, through its slow major strains and harmonies; but its pain is not a lasting one, its sufferings are mitigated by the consciousness of innocence; and there are feelings of a more cheerful nature, there are the three pillars aforementioned—love, hope, and faith—at the bottom of the heart which for a time is depressed by adversity. Thus the fundamental character of the two different modes remains unaltered; and where the minor one is made an expression of joy, it is like the glaring red spread over the darkness of an atmosphere fraught with it under and lightning, whilst the sighing and mourning of the major mode is like

the fleeting clouds which cast their shadows over the silvery face of a moonlight landscape.

These are dreamings, Theodore, and many a pitying smile they will provoke on poor Teutonius, who just now can offer nothing but dreams. But whilst I am sitting here, in my arm-chair, mentally dozing, I hear the rain clattering in heavy drops against my windows, in the distance thunder growls, and my lonely study, my lamp, and little harpsichord begin to sing in B minor. This is one of the moments when the scenes of the past come vividly before my eyes; when I wander again through the days of my youth and childhood, and hear the sounds once more which then enchanted the juvenile heart. I go again to the old stone in the pine-wood, behind my native village, the subject of three hundred years' tradition; I look with mingled curiosity and awe at the mysterious tissue and windings of its mossy garment, and listen whether I can hear the voice of the murdered minstrel said to lie buried beneath. I sit again by the side of the dark brook, and fancy it tells the story of the woodman and his dumb son, as it rushes along and murmurs over the rocks in E minor. Or I lie in the green grass on the hill side, and the sun shines bright, and flowers grow around, and the zephyrs waft their fragrant odours from field to field. I look into the dark blue sky, and listen how the birds and bees, the trees, and flowers, and winds sing so merrily, and I join their chorus;—it is all in E major.

I am now an old man, Theodore; days of care and toil have left their traces on my frame, and a few white hairs are all the remnants of a once luxuriant crop of curls;—but in moments like the present I grow young again, and my bachelor's study, with the said harpsichord, follows me in my wanderings through the past, assuming different forms as I go on. People laugh at such fancies—they pity the weak-minded old gentleman; but to me such dreams are moments of inexpressible delight. As long as I am susceptible to sound, they will come over me, and I would not part with them for all the treasures of the world. You, too, may find them sometimes tedious or silly, but you must put up with them, or cease to read my letters. But if I mistake not, there is something similar in your character; I have seen you also absorbed in visionary musings, and there is that poetry in your mind which forms the true basis of all art. For persons who cannot forget reality in this ideal region of the sounds, these letters are not intended—they must seek other food.

TEUTONIUS.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The following is a short summary of the proceedings of the season just closed.

After the appointment of Mr. Costa to the office of conductor, the Society commenced its performances with Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, which at once manifested the great improvements which had been effected by the new conductor. This was followed by Handel's *Messiah*, looked forward to with great interest, it being the first occasion of Mr. Costa conducting an oratorio of Handel. Then came a revival of Handel's *Judas Maccabeus*, succeeded by Beethoven's *Mass* in C (the first time for six years), and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, which raised the reputation of the society higher than ever. *Israel in Egypt* was the next performance, and the style in which this great masterpiece was interpreted fully maintained the reputation previously gained. Mendelssohn's *Athaliah*, next produced, was remarkable as being the first work brought forward after the appointment of the new conductor which had not been previously performed by the society. The *Messiah* and *Elijah* were repeated after this, and were followed by the *Creation*. Last evening, *Athaliah* and Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum* concluded the season. The number of performances has been nineteen, of which ten were subscription concerts.

The novelties of the season have been confined to *Athaliah* and a few minor pieces, included in a selection performed with the *Mass* of Beethoven. This may be accounted for by the desire of the Society to contradict a rumour propagated at the commencement of the season, that, under the new conductor, they would attempt the introduction of a lighter class of compositions than hitherto, to the exclusion of the more solid and important productions.

The improvement in the *ensemble* and general detail of the performances has had a most beneficial effect on the subscription list, and next season is likely to offer the most brilliant results.

* “Die Wunder der Tonkunst,” (the “Wonders of Music,”) s. a. o.

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

(Continued from page 380)

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to distinguish either of the movements of this second symphony, for excellence of the others; each has its particular merit; and though, as in the Symphony in C, the minuet and trio, for an entire movement, may be more associated in style with the subsequent works of the same author than any other part of the composition, we find so much individual beauty in every separate portion, so great general excellence in the whole work, as to make us forget all distinctions of style in our irrepressible admiration. The first movement is chiefly characterised by grandeur and dignity; it is not without its startling bursts of passion, its passages of all-absorbing excitement, but the general impression that it leaves upon the hearer is of its breadth and majesty; his heart swells with pride, beats not with emotion, and he rather feels the presence of a superior being than acknowledges the elevation of his own. The introductory *Adagio* is

highly impressive; the eight bars of clearly defined melody with which it opens (the first phrase allotted to oboes and bassoons, the second to string instruments, with the single note for the whole orchestra at the beginning of each,) announce fully the dignified character of the whole movement, but having in their quietness a repose that gives greater force to the passages of more energy that follow. A short sequence of modulations leads us with great effect to the key of B flat, when the music assumes a bolder character; a succession of rushing scales in the basses, answered by the violins, has very great power, and the climax of this exciting passage is a bar in unison for the whole orchestra that introduces the half-close on A. Here we have a pedal point that forms a prominent feature: it is remarkable, first, for the very striking phrase for the violoncellos and tenors, in unison, with a singularly felicitous counterpoint for violins in octaves, and next, for the inversion of these two parts, which gives the passage a wonderful colouring:—



This pedal is prolonged for a few bars, in which the reiteration of the harmony in triplets of semiquavers by the wind instruments has a good effect, and finally introduces the *Allegro con Brio*. The principal subject of this movement is one of a very marked character—a quality of the greatest importance,

as the interest of the whole composition depends in a great degree upon the hearer's easy recognition of this principal subject, through all the modifications to which it is subjected in skilful musical development.



The subsequent disposition of this for the whole orchestra is an example of that phenomenon in instrumentation which is so frequently to be observed in the writing of Beethoven for the orchestra, namely, the doubling a prominent passage for the basses with acute instruments, while harmony is sustained in the intermediate range of sound; the effect of which is not what is presented to the eye, an offensive consecution of octaves, but a prodigious addition of force to the bass part without qualifying the pitch of this bass, which sounds only as the bottom of the score. We can scarcely look into a score of the great masters of orchestral effect without finding an indication of that to which reference is here made, in the doubling of the bass part, with the tenors an octave higher, the propriety of which has been a problem to so many young musicians that is undeniably answered, if not solved, by the

good effect produced; in the passage immediately succeeding the opening of the overture to *Idomeneo* of Mozart, where the first violins double the bass part, while the seconds and the tenors sustain the harmony is a passage more particularly analogous to the one before us; and again, near the close of the first part of the overture to *Prometheus* of Beethoven, and in the last movement of the duet of Mathilde and Arnold in *Guillaume Tell* of Rossini; in the present case the subject is assigned to the basses with the violoncellos and bassoons in unison, the tenors an octave higher, and the first violins an octave higher still, while the second violins, with all the wind instruments, sustain D in several different octaves, and the effect produced is gigantic. An unexpected transition from the key of D minor brings us to the dominant of A:—



A powerful passage in two parts introduces the second subject in A major, which is less remarkable for any particular beauty of its own than for the additional dignity it gives to the

character of the whole movement by its stately simplicity, and for the admirable use that is made of it in the second part.



A passage in which the first violins answer the basses in canon, after a rest of two bars, has great breadth. A recurrence to a portion of the first subject, by the manner in which it is introduced, forms a very important feature in the movement; the silence after a dominant discord that precedes it, the employment of all the string instruments in unison *pianissimo*, and the unexpected employment of the scale of A minor, combine to produce an effect of the greatest mystery, which is wonderfully dispelled by the almost dazzling brightness of the return to the major key on the second inversion of the tonic harmony. Another point, of even greater power than that already noticed, where a passage is assigned to the extreme instruments, while those between them sustain the harmony, cannot but arrest the attention of every listener; and a somewhat remarkable example of the inverted pedal, in which the pedal note is given to the first violins, mostly, but not always supported by the horns and trumpets, brings us to the end of the First Part. To notice all the fine effects, the skilful contrivances to produce them, indeed the wonderful traits of mastery with which the Second Part everywhere

abounds, in the surprising developement of the ideas that have been already proposed, and which combine to render this portion of the movement no less exciting to the lay listener than interesting and admirable to the initiated analyst, and almost negates the inference our reason draws, from the examination of the score, that it is the fruit of study, by making it appear to the quickened imagination, on hearing its performance, to be no less than any other part of the work, the result of inspiration;—to notice all these would be to cite the whole of the Second Part, until the return to the subject, which indeed never ceases to present new features that no less delight than surprise us. I will adduce a few of the most prominent features in this admirable offspring of genius and learning, a familiarity with which may enable the student to continue for himself such dissection of the whole, and so to trace for himself every point of interest it contains. The subject is made to form the theme of a passage of double counterpoint, that is written with great freedom, and admirably prolonged.



There is a passage of imitation answered at the half bar on a chord of the seventh upon D, that has singular boldness. There is an entirely new effect given to the second subject (that to which I have already alluded) by the introduction of an alternative passage, it might be called counterpoint of triplets, which is no less striking as a well-contrasted contrast to the elaborate treatment of the first subject, that up to this point has been so long continued. Finally, there is a well-managed surprise in the return to the subject in the key of D, the C sharp dominant in the key of F sharp minor being unexpectedly changed to the leading note of the key we are

about to enter. It would be needless to notice in detail all the recapitulation of the First Part; let us proceed, therefore, to the Coda, which is far from being the least admirable portion of the movement. A passage of sixths, which is introduced at the end of the First Part, as it then seemed, merely for the purpose of leading back to the original key for the repeat, is here proved to be in its clever extension a very interesting feature, and, first in its original form, afterwards by diminution, forms an excellent counterpoint to a section of the subject. The following passage has a force, one may say a sternness of character, that is very impressive;—



and the repetition of it on the tonic with a varied instrumentation is still more effective. We come then to a passage in which the bass proceeds slowly by semitones from D to D sharp, the octave above, the harmony passing through the keys of G, A minor, C minor, E flat minor, and F sharp minor to E minor, such notes as are common to any successive chords being always retained in the same parts. This passage is sufficiently meritorious in its present situation, where it keeps the hearer in a most exciting suspense previously to the final full close of the movement, and so produces additional satisfaction from, by giving additional brilliancy to, this termination; but it has given rise to a vast quantity of musical dulness in its very frequent employment by subsequent composers, who have been content to copy rather than to imitate Beethoven, to refer to him as an authority rather than emulate him as a standard of excellence, and so we may find passages modelled upon the one before us in innumerable incantation scenes, bass recitations, and the like, where a certain quantity of words are to be "got over," or a certain key come to, and the musician having no very decided ideas, and being at a loss to express those of his poet, has been content to wander on

through a tremolo by the agency of a semitonic ascent in the bass touching on all the keys that stand at the interval of four degrees of such scale from each other, until he satisfies himself and relieves his hearer, by determining where he will settle down into something interesting. We are now soon led to the original tonic, and then with an effective passage in two parts, followed by one for the whole orchestra in unison, that is, formed of a section of the principal subject, the movement concludes in all the grandeur which has been so powerfully maintained throughout.

A poet might find in this masterly piece of writing infinite suggestion for a no less endless variety and continuance of ideas, any of which that the world should esteem beautiful would be worthy such a source; be it enough for the musician to find his feelings powerfully moved by every hearing of it, and his admiration newly awakened at every fresh examination, and to own in it a complete masterpiece of the art, that in its style has never been, can never be excelled.

G. A. MACFARREN.

(To be continued.)

JULLIEN'S CONGRES MUSICALE.

THE second monster concert was given on Friday (yesterday week), and attracted a still more numerous audience than the first. The *fantasia* from the *Prophète* commenced the performance. This comprised an instrumental prelude; a chorus of Anabaptists; a romanza; a duet for two cornets with harp accompaniment; duet for two sopranis; a *ballet*, including the *Waltz of Skaters*; a coronation march, and a chorus with organ accompaniment, concluding with a harmonious burst from the united voices under M. Jullien's direction. This last was the most tremendous thing we ever heard in any Theatre or Concert-room. Its very echoes drowned the applause. The coronation march, also, was a stunning affair, and made the ears prisoners in its sound. All the *morceaux* of the *fantasia* were admirably played or sung, and each created an immense effect. Madame Anna Thillon gave the romanza, "Ma pauvre mère," most delightfully and with great feeling. The duet "La Soprani" was sung by Madame Thillon and Madlle. Nissen with much effect. The cornet duo was finely executed by Kenig and Arban, and the choruses were performed with terrific force and power. From this specimen of Meyerbeer's grand work, we cannot draw any conclusion as to its merits. The absence of Mr. Sims Reeves, in consequence of indisposition, prevented us from hearing one or two other vocal pieces of the *Prophète*.

The remainder of the first part was of a calmer nature. Jetty Treffz sang "Vedrai carino" with great purity and feeling; Mr. Whitworth gave an excellent version of the "Piff-paff"; Madame Anna Thillon sang the final rondo from the *Donna del Lago*, and a ballad from one of Auber's earliest operas,

both with singular effect; Madlle. Nau introduced the "Come per me sereno," from *Sonnambula*; and Pischek sang a song of Lindpaintner, called "Orlando." The instrumental department was filled up by Hallé, Ernst, and Vivier. Hallé played Weber's *Concert-Stück*, with orchestral accompaniments, in magnificent style. Ernst performed the *Airs Hongrois*, in which he astonished all his hearers by the delicious purity and fulness of his tone, and by his wonderful mechanism. Ernst and Hallé then played the *andante con variazioni*, from Beethoven's sonata in A minor, in which they were applauded *usque ad cælum*; and Vivier executed his *Cantabile* in E flat. The accomplished and wonderful horn-player made his first appearance since his return from Holland. He was welcomed with enthusiasm, and produced so startling an effect by his performance as to elicit a unanimous encore. We need not refer to the wonders Vivier achieves on his instrument; they are now universally known, and universally appreciated. Vivier was accompanied on the piano by Vincent Wallace. The overture to *Euryanthe*, splendidly played, terminated the first part.

Felicien David's *Ode-Symphony*, in which the poem was read by Mr. Vandenhoff; some choruses by the Hungarian vocalists; Jullien's arrangement of the National Anthem; and a selection from the *Huguenots* fantasia closed the performance, which, we need hardly say, afforded to everybody the most decided gratification.

In consequence, as we are informed, of the room at Exeter Hall proving too small for the visitors to the *Congrès Musical*, M. Jullien has signified his intention of giving the next at the Surrey Zoological Gardens.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

We were sorry to hear that the brief notice given of the repetition of the opera of *Norma*, on the night following its successful production caused a thin house on Friday, the 8th; Montenegro was severely indisposed, with severe cold and hoarseness, which unavoidably postponed the *Lucia* until Tuesday last, the 12th, when she appeared with increased success in this, her second character, before a Manchester audience. We were not present, but we are glad to learn from the papers that there was a highly genteel and numerous auditory, and that the opera went off with *éclat*. Montenegro and Santiago were spoken of in the most enthusiastic terms, both for their acting and singing; the latter's *Edgardo* is said to be the best we have had in Manchester, and Montenegro's *Lucia* as being fully equal to her *Norma*—no slight praise, by the way.

On Tuesday *Il Barbier* was given, and there was again a good but not a full house, the dress circle and pit being the best attended. It is some years now (some ten or twelve at least) since this opera was done in Manchester, and we were predisposed to be pleased it having been (some twenty years ago, or more,) the first Italian opera we ever saw—consequently, independently of its brilliant merits, has been a favourite of our own ever since. De Begnis was the Figaro, Torre the Count, and our once fellow-towswoman, Miss Fanny Ayton, the Rosina. Curioni was afterwards Il Conte; then Donzelli, (who eclipsed them all) followed by many Rosinas; but of all the barbers, De Begnis was the Barber *par excellence*. The opera was, on the whole, done in very satisfactory style. On Tuesday night, Montenegro acted and sang remarkably well as Rosina; if we must be particular, we should object to her overacting a little, where she is pulling faces behind her guardian (Doctor Bartolo's) back. The *Largo* of the "Una voce" was excellently given, and elicited numerous cries of "*bis*" from her moustachied admirers in the dress circle, but was not repeated; she was very correct in all her portion of the concerted music, and was best of all, perhaps, in the "A qual colpo," which was exceedingly well done. She won an encore for her introduced aria at the music lesson, a Spanish air, "El Charran," given with great spirit and character, (is not Montenegro a Spaniard, by the way?)—but we have to find fault here with her forgetfulness of the scene; there might have been no old guardian or disguised lover on the stage; she seemed to think too much of her audience and their reception of her, and marred the effect of the situation by her grateful but too-often repeated smiles: Jenny Lind never forgot her part,* amidst all the most fulsome adulation that was showered upon her. Made. Montenegro is a clever artist, both as an actress and a singer, but a friendly word of advice would do much to remove what is so easy to avoid, yet so objectionable, if allowed to be indulged in too frequently. She dressed the part in exquisite taste—the Spanish-pink satin, with black lace costume, became her admirably. Santiago, we must say, disappointed us at first; his "Ecco ridente" did not tell at all—he seemed to want force, or animation, or both; but he improved both in his singing and acting as he warmed in the part, and at times, when he exerted himself more, was very effective: he was not boisterous enough in the pretended "Ubrico"—his voice is sweet, but wants power to tell in a theatre like our Theatre Royal: his part in "Zitti Zitti" was excellently given. Montelli pleased us the more, perhaps, that we did not expect so much of him as Santiago; he made a capital bustling Figaro—if anything, a little too redundant in his action—but that is a fault on the right side in such a part as the Barber; he has a light pleasing baritone voice, of good quality, and sings well in tune; his "Largo al factotum" proved him to be fully equal to the arduous part, and was loudly applauded; his face and figure are good—he is evidently young; he dressed and made up for the Barber capitally, indeed the same may be said of all the company. Santiago had a very rich and appropriate dress as the Count. Bailini gave the fine song, "A un Dottore," very effectively; he looked as he dressed, and sang "Doctor Bartolo" famously; so did Vittorio the part of Basilio, with his long grotesque black

hat, black hair, black beard, and black costume. It was more than we looked for to find a second bass in the company who could so efficiently render the fine song "La Calunia," which, with its admirable accompaniment, is such a treat to listen to. Both Bailini and Vittorio were invaluable in the concerted music, all of which went well, the quartett beginning "Don Basilio," and the "Buona Sera" especially; the duet, "All' idea," and the other, the much hackneyed "Dunque io son," were done ample justice to; and we never saw the point of Rosina, having the note already written that the intriguing Figaro is urging her to write, made more of. The chorus had not much to do, but they did good service in the long finale to the first act, and got well through the rapid and difficult "Mille grazie" in the beautiful opening scene. We have already alluded to the popular "Zitti Zitti;" it was exceedingly well given by all the three, Montenegro, Santiago, and Montelli. The two acts were divided into four; after the second, all the principals were recalled, and again at the close of the opera. The band gave the overture and most of the brilliant accompaniments very well; at times the brass rather preponderated too much in the *forte* passage. In a larger theatre, with a full orchestra, this is counteracted by double or treble the number of stringed instruments. We frequently noticed Mr. Seymour's violin doing efficient service, and Mr. Thorley's violoncello too in obligato bits; and the leading and conducting was, as before, most satisfactory. We see "*Il Barbier*" is to be repeated on Thursday the 21st.

We delayed sending the above a few days, as it was too late for last week's number; and what event does a day or two, now-a-days, bring forth? Poor Kalkbrenner carried off by the cholera in Paris, and Catalani—the once far famed queen of song—after being so often killed by the newspapers, has yet lived to an advanced age to be a victim to the same scourge. And what a real tragedy has been the fate of Madame Schodel! whom we remember so vividly for her impassioned acting in *Fidelio** with the German company here in 1841—to have been beheaded for an attempt to poison Kossuth, the Hungarian chief. Then there is Donzelli, the greatest tenor singer of our day—(Rubini had more finish and execution, but not so great a voice)—why he has turned monk we hear, and is sometimes very charming the brotherhood with his still wonderful voice, in some of the services of the Catholic church.

But to come back to Manchester, and what has occurred here musically and dramatically since writing as above. Saturday, the 16th, brought out *I Puritani*; we were not "assisting" at its representation, but from the *Guardian*'s account it was the least efficient of all the operas yet produced. We do not wonder at it. It is the fourth Italian opera produced, with only three, and in this case only two days interval, in a fortnight. The wonder is that the chorus, many of whom never sang Italian before, and most of them never having before appeared on any stage, did not stick fast altogether. We have never had Italian opera put on the Manchester stage before so complete in all respects, and it is a pity that so many operas were attempted as eight different ones in a month; it was all but impossible to get them up, and the very few slips and trips made by the chorus is really wonderful under the circumstances. Mr. Anthony's labour must have been most arduous, and his success is scarcely credible. Montenegro's Elvira is spoken highly of; she was encor'd in the polacca, and much applauded for her truthful expression in "Qui la voce." Bailini and Montelli won the usual encore for the noisy "Suoni la tromba." The lovely quartet "A to o c'era" had a like honor. The house was a good one, but not so full as Thursday. It really does not say much for the Manchester taste, when so refined an entertainment as the Italian Opera is brought within the reach of all at so moderate a price, the prices being—Dress circle 5s., Upper circle 3s., Pit 1s. 6d., Gallery—mirabile dictu!—6d. We have not a Jenny Lind or a Tamburini at these prices; but we have a very efficient and talented company of principals, assisted by above sixty resident artists in the band and chorus, added to which the management have left nothing undone in the *mise en scène*—all is very complete.

Last night (the 19th) there was again a good pit and fair dress circle, *L'Elisir d'Amore* being the opera, and we think the most successful opera as yet of the series. There are no great situations or salient points to elicit anything grand or striking; the story is simple enough

* Query—Did she ever think of it.—ED. M. W.

Does not our correspondent mean Mad. Schroeder Devrient?—ED.

and turns mainly on the simplicity and anxiety of a rustic swain (Nemorino)—the coquettishness of his beloved (Adina)—the blunt rivalry of the sergeant (Belcore)—and the burlesque cajolery of the doctor (Dulcamara)—all which is well expressed, both in the libretto and the music to which it is set. Santiago pleased us much more in Nemorino than in the Count; he acted and sang the country lover's part to perfection. His "Quanto e bella" in the opening scene was very good; and his singing in the duet, "Una paolo," with Adina, and the trio with her and the sergeant, "Adina credimi," was most impassioned; and in the well known "Una furtiva lagrima," he gave the tender expression of which it is so full, and was admirably accompanied by the obligato on the French horn. Bailini does not at first seem at home in the part of Belcore, or as though the music was too high for his full bass voice. In his first scene, "Come parde," he was decidedly flat, but he improved afterwards, and the trio before alluded to, with Santiago and Montenegro, was the most perfect bit perhaps in the whole opera—it was beautifully sung. Montelli made an excellent Doctor Dulcamara—his make-up was first rate—and amidst all his fun and drollery he always sings nicely in tune. We laughed most heartily when he made his appearance, for he was drawn on to the stage in a cart covered with garlands, by a veritable live (!) donkey with gilt hoofs, attended by his mountebank blowing his long tin horn, black livery-servant, &c. &c. Not alone in these minor adjuncts, but in the scenery, the greatest attention was paid to the propriety of the story, and the grouping of the peasantry in the different rural scenes was exceedingly picturesque. The chorus were more perfect and at home in this opera than any they have yet done, and they have more to do, being almost continually on the stage. The popular "Io son ricco" was rapturously encored; it was sung with great humour by Montelli, and he was ably assisted by Adina and the chorus. Madame Montenegro won an encore for her duet with the Doctor, "Quanto amore," as much by her charming playfulness in asserting her charms as more powerful than his boasted elixir, as by her singing, although both she and Montelli richly merited it for the way in which they sang it. In fact, all the parts were well sustained, and the chorus were most efficient, which is as creditable to them as to their chorus master, the time for rehearsals must have been so brief. On Saturday, the 23rd, they are to appear in *Lucrezia Borgia*, an opera quite new to them all, and new to the Manchester stage. The manager gives variety enough, and ought to be better supported, so that he might be encouraged to give a short Italian Opera season yearly.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRENCH PLAYS.—The patrons and subscribers to the French Plays, in testimony of their respect for the services of Mr. Mitchell, yesterday afternoon presented that gentleman with a magnificent silver salver, and a silver gilt candelabrum, manufactured at the establishment of Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, of Bond Street. The presentation took place on the stage of the St. James's Theatre, in the presence of the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquis of Donegal, Lords Chesterfield, W. Lennox, Sir C. Shakerley, Lady Quenin, and many other admirers of dramatic art. The Duke of Beaufort acted as spokesman, and addressed Mr. Mitchell in an appropriate speech, and complimented him on his exertions. Dr. Daniell, (honorary secretary on the occasion of the subscription for the plate,) and Mr. B. B. Williams, also said a few words, presenting, on his own part, as a mark of individual esteem, a handsome golden drinking goblet, after which the plate was presented, and Mr. Mitchell returned thanks for the honour done him.

MADILLE HELENE STÖPEL.—This clever young pianist announces her annual concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, for Thursday next. In addition to her own performances, Madille. Stöpel offers her friends a programme of great and varied attraction, in which, among other popular and distinguished names, is that of Ernst, who will play a sonata of Beethoven with Madille. Stöpel, besides a solo.

LOUISE TAGLIONI.—We are happy in being able to say that the reputed death of this young and promising *danseuse* is unfounded. The cholera is cruel enough, and kills plenty of people, but Rumour is still more cruel. Rumour killed Carlotta, Cerito, Bouffé, Regnier, Dejazet, &c., &c., &c., but Truth has brought them to life again. We could ill afford to lose all these great artists at a blow.

EXETER HALL.—On Wednesday evening a performance of the *Elijah* was given, under the direction of Mr. Hullah. The chorus was composed of the members of Mr. Hullah's upper singing school, and Mr. Milling led the orchestra, which was numerous and efficient. The principal singers were the Misses Lucombe and Deakin, Mrs. Noble, Mrs. Alfred Shaw, Messrs. Lockey, Benson, Seguin, and Herr Pischeck. The performance is entitled to considerable praise. The chorus had, apparently, well studied and frequently rehearsed their parts, and Mr. Hullah paid the greatest attention to the scene, which abundantly manifested itself throughout the oratorio. The voices went excellently together, and the *fortes* and *pianos* were admirably observed. The chorus, "Thanks be to God," was very finely sung, and was encored. The same compliment was paid to the accompaniment trio, "Lift up thine eyes to the mountain," and the quartet, "Cast thy burden on the Lord." Herr Pischeck made a most favourable impression in the music of *Elijah*, it being his first performance. He gave the air, "It is enough, O Lord!" with great pathos and fine expression. In the rest of the music he was equally effective, and sang throughout with great energy. Mrs. Alfred Shaw, who made her first appearance for three years, was received with great warmth: she declaimed with all her former energy, and gave abundant tokens of that style and method for which, some years ago, she was remarkable among singers of the English school; but, unfortunately, the uncertainty of her intonation deprived her singing of all its charm, her voice of all its beauty. Miss Lucombe sang, "Hear ye, O Israel!" with infinite spirit; and Mr. Lockey was as happy as ever in the two tenor songs. Miss Deakin, with her pleasing well-toned voice, was highly serviceable in the quartet, and the concerted pieces. The room was very full, and the performance passed off in a most satisfactory manner.

Mr. F. B. JEWSON and Mr. EDWARD FITZWILLIAM have been elected members of the Royal Society of Musicians.

Mr. GEORGE Vining, after the most brilliant success at Manchester, where he has been leading the business the last two months, has arrived in London.

The Directors' *Matinée*, at the Musical Union, next Tuesday, will prove, no doubt, very profitable to the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Ella. The example set by this Professor, in his engagement of such artists as Hallé, Alard, Platti, Cossman, Fontaine, and Bottesini, affords a striking contrast to the conduct of the seven Philharmonic Directors, who deprive their subscribers of hearing the best talent.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Madame Dulcken's, Madame Claire Hennell's, Mr. Osborne's concert, and other notices, unavoidably deferred to our next.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SINGING.

MR. MILLAR (of BATH).

Principal Tenor Singer at Her Majesty's Ancient Concerts, the Royal Society of Musicians, &c., has the honor to announce to his Pupils that he intends giving LESSONS IN LONDON. Terms—Half-a-Guinea the Lesson.

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JOHN LAURENCE, SEC.

MUSICAL UNION.

DIRECTOR'S MATINEE, ON TUESDAY, JUNE 26.

Quartet in G., *Mayereder*—Trio, Op. 12, in E flat; *Hummel*—Quartet, No. 1, *Beethoven*—Adagio and Minuet, from Quintet, in A Minor, *Onslow*—Solo, contra-bass, Signor BOTTESEINI—Lied, Madlle. GRAUMANN, with violoncello obbligato, *Lachner*—and New Vocal Quartets by *Mendelssohn*, *Kreutzer*, and *Adam*—Song by the HUNGARIAN VOCALISTS. *Erlast*, *Sainton*, and *Jochim*, lead, assisted by Delofre, Hill, Piatti, and Botteini. Pianist—M. Mortier de Fontaine, from Vienna.—Strangers' Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had at the CRAMER & CO.'s, 201, Regent Street. Members can pay for their friends at the door.

J. ELLA, Director.

This Matinee will begin half an hour earlier than usual—viz., at 3 o'clock.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.

FRAULEIN HELENE STOEPEL'S

(Pianiste to Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland)

ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, on THURSDAY, JUNE 28th, 1849, to commence at Two o'clock, on which occasion she will be assisted by the following eminent artists—
VOCALISTS.—Herr PISCHER, Misses A. and M. WILLIAMS, Miss WALLACE, Herr STIGELLI, Mr. LOCKEY, Signor PAULIERI, Herr MENGIS, and Fraulein GRAUMANN.

INSTRUMENTALISTS.—Violin, Herr ERNST; Piano, Mr. WALLACE; Violoncello, Signor PIATTI; Horn, Mr. JARRETT; Piano, HELENE STOEPEL.

CONDUCTORS.—Mr. WALLACE and Herr STOEPEL.

Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 15s.; Boxes, 21s.; Family Ticket (to admit Six), 41s.; to be had only at Herr STOEPEL'S MUSICAL ESTABLISHMENT, No. 30, Golden Square; CRAMER, BEALE, and Co., 201, Regent Street; and JULIEN and Co.'s, 214, Regent Street.

SIGNOR COVAS

Has the honour to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public in general, that his

GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on SATURDAY, JUNE 30, to commence at half-past Two o'clock precisely.

VOCAL PERFORMERS.—Miss NISSEN, Madlle. BABINCO, and Signora CASALONI, of Her Majesty's Theatre: Signori COVAS, CIABATTA, and D. COLETTI.

INSTRUMENTALISTS.—Monsieur LAVIGNE, Signori BOTTESEINI, BRICCIALDI, MAFFEI, and Signor PIATTI.

CONDUCTOR.—Signor PIOTTI.

Admission, One Guinea. Tickets to be had at Messrs. CRAMER, BEALE, and Co., 201, Regent Street.

HANOVER SQUARE.—QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS,

Herr ERNST and Herr HALLE'S

GRAND EVENING CONCERT,

With FULL ORCHESTRA, on MONDAY, JULY 2, 1849, at Eight o'clock precisely.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.—Madame MACFARREN, Miss LUCOME, Miss DOLBY, Madlle. VERA, and Madlle. NISSEN; Herr DAMKE, and Herr STIGELLI.

INSTRUMENTALISTS.—Herr HALLE and Herr ERNST.

CONDUCTOR.—Mr. BENEDICT. LEADER.—Mr. WILLY.

PROGRAMME.—PART 1.—Overture (Nozze di Figaro) *Mozart*—Aria, "Aus dem 'Freyschütz,'" *Alexander's Feast*, Madlle. NISSEN, *Handel*—Concerto, (in G major) Herr HALLE, *Beethoven*—Lieder, "Al ich von der, Geliebte," "O Suse Mutter," Madlle. MACFARREN, G. A. Macfarren—Songs, "The Savoyard's Song," "The Song of Night," Miss DOLBY, *Mendelssohn*—Grand Concerto (Violin) Herr ERNST, *Mendelssohn*—Serenata (Lied) Herr DAMKE, F. Schubert—Pensée, Fugitives, a. "Romance," b. "Lied," c. "Intermezzo," d. "Adieu," Herr HALLE and Herr ERNST, Stephen Heller and Ernst.

PART 2.—Overture (Nozze di Figaro) *Mozart*—Aria, "Aus dem 'Freyschütz,'" Madlle. NISSEN, Weber—Rondeau Brillant, (in E flat) Herr HALLE, *Mendelssohn*—Trio, "Azor und Zamira," Madlle. MACFARREN, Miss LUCOME, and Miss DOLBY, Spohr—Romance (De Nims) Madlle. VERA, Paisiello—Sonata (for Piano and Violin) Herr HALLE and Herr ERNST, Sébastien Bach—Song, Miss LUCOME—Lieder, "Die schönsten Augen," "Mein Engel," Herr STIGELLI, Stigelli, Easer—Rondo Papageno, Herr ERNST, Ernst.

Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, may be obtained at the principal Music-sellers; Reserved Seats, One Guinea. To be had only of Messrs. CRAMER, BEALE, and Co., 201, Regent Street; at CHAPPELL'S, New Bond Street; of Herr ERNST, 38, Great Marlborough Street; and of Herr HALLE, 2, Argyll Street.

MEYERBEER'S "PROPHÈTE."

DECLARATION.—M. MEYERBEER, the Composer of "The Prophète," now performing at the Grand Opera in Paris, and M. BRANDUS, the Publisher of M. Meyerbeer's Works in France, who is now in London, with full powers from M. Meyerbeer, consider themselves bound in honour hereby to declare, that they have not authorised in any manner, direct or indirect, the Performance of the extracts from "The Prophète," played last Friday at Exeter Hall; and that they are perfectly ignorant by what means M. Julien has obtained any of the Music, inasmuch as not a single piece has been, up to this date, published or sold in Paris. Any copies, therefore, of the Music must have been obtained by illegal means; and M. Meyerbeer and M. Brandus, reserving to themselves ulterior proceedings respecting the mode in which incorrect and mutilated Copies of the Score have been made, hereby formally protest against any execution of "The Prophète" by M. Julien, or any other persons, as the Copyright of the Work and the exclusive right of performance, by virtue of special treaties, were secured solely to the Directors of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, and to the firm of CRAMER, BEALE, and Co., and MR. T. CHAPPELL, No. 50, New Bond Street, Music Publishers, the day of publication of the Opera in London, and in Paris being simultaneous, and having not yet taken place in either Capital.—Hotel de Provence, Leicester Square, June 16, 1849.

JUST PUBLISHED, AT
SCHOTT & CO.'S Foreign Music Depot, 89, St. James's St.,
SOLOS FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

BEYER, F., Two Easy Studies on the popular Airs, "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Robin Adair," Op. 98, No. 2. Price 2s.

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NEW HARP MUSIC,

By FREDERICK CHATTERTON, (Harpist to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester,) AS PERFORMED by him at his MORNING CONCERT, JUNE 16th, 1849.

Grand Fantasia, "RIVEMBRANZA D'ITALIA," on Donizetti's March, and Romance from "Elisir d'Amore," dedicated to the Lady John Beresford. Fantasia Brillante, "RECOLLECTIONS OF NORMANDY," on Themes from Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," dedicated to Miss Arabella Stone. Morceau Fantastique, "IL CARNIVALE DI VENIZIA," dedicated to his renowned Master, N. C. Bochaca.

To be had of the AUTHOR, at his residence, 52, Great Portland Street, and at all the principal Music Warehouses.

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including upwards of One Hundred Violins, Tenors, Violoncellos, and Double Basses, by Mr. T. KENNEDY, and comprising some of the most desirable specimens of his manufacture.—Catalogues will be sent on application.



HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

SIGNOR PUZZI.

Has the honor to announce to the Nobility, Subscribers to the Opera, and the Public, that HIS BENEFIT will take place on THURSDAY NEXT, JUNE 28, when will be presented DONIZETTI's favourite Opera,

DON PASQUALE.

Don Pasquale	Signor LABLACHE.
Dr. Malatesta	Signor BELLETTI.
Ernesto	Signor CALZOLARI.
AND	
Norina	Madille. ALBONI.

After which will be presented the

NEW GRAND PAS DE LA COURONNE.

Madille. MARIE TAGLIONI AND M. DOR.

(Her last appearance but one)

Supported by Messrs. MARRA, THOMASSINI, JULIEN, LAMOREUX, AUSSANDON, and Corps de Ballet.

Which will be followed by the last Act and Grand Scena of MERCADANTE'S celebrated Opera,

IL CIURAMENTO,

In which Madille. PARODI and Signor MORIANI will appear. To conclude with the highly successful New Ballet Divertissement Episodique, by M. PAUL TAGLIONI, the Music by Sig. PUGNI, entitled

LA PRIMA BALLERINA; ou, L'Embuscade.

Madille. (Prima Ballerina)	Madille. CAROLINA ROSATI.
Passolo (Maitre de Ballet, et leurs Danciers)	M. DOR.
Virginie (Cameriere de Madille)	Madille. MARRA.
Rinaldo (Chef des Brigands)	M. P. TAGLIONI.
Astolfo (Son Lieutenant)	M. DI MATTIA.
Carlo,	M. CHARLES.
Paolo,	M. VENAFRA.
Pietro,	M. GOURIET.
Compagnes des Brigands	Madille. PETIT STEPHAN,
Messrs. JULIEN, LAMOREUX, AUSSANDON, PASCALES, TOMMASSINI, and Ladies of the Corps de Ballet.	

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made to Signor PUZZI, 5A, Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, and at the Box-Office of the Theatre, Opera Colonnade, Haymarket.

Doors opened at Seven; the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven o'Clock.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS MONSTRES.

At the general request of his Friends and Patrons, M. JULLIEN has the honor to announce that his THIRD CONCERT MONSTRE and CONGRES MUSICAL (on an equal scale of magnitude to those given at Exeter Hall) will take place at the ROYAL SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS on FRIDAY, JULY 20th, when FELICIEN DAVID'S ODE-SYMPHONY, **THE DESERT**, will be performed for the last time. Meyerbeer's Music from **THE PROPHETE**, with the addition of Four Concerted Pieces, will be executed, also for the last time; and the other portions of the Programme entirely changed, including M. JULLIEN's First Arrangement of GOD SAVE THE QUEEN, each bar being marked by the report of an 18-pounder cannon, as performed at M. JULLIEN's First Concert Monstre at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, in 1845, before an audience of 12,000 persons.

MEYERBEER'S MUSIC from **THE CAMP OF SILESIA**, First time in England. Among other Novelties, the Grand Triumphal March of "JULIUS CAESAR," composed by M. BÉDÉR, Directeur de la Musique du Roi de Belges, for Double Orchestra; Four Military Bands; Chorus; and Twenty Roman Trumpets, made on the model of the Roman bas-relief, by Messrs. PARK and KÉNIG, Strand, and performed by MM. KÉNIG, A. KÉNIG, ARBAN, DAVIS, T. DAVIS, CIOFFI, ANTOINE, T. HARPER, SMITHERS, SCHEFFER; and Ten of Hebert's Trumpets, from the Horse Guards.—In order to give to this magnificent *morceau* all the effect which it made on the Continent, the practices will be under the direction of Herr KÉNIG, and several careful Rehearsals will be directed by M. JULLIEN.

Tickets, price 2s. 6d., if taken before the 20th of July, or 5s. on the day of the Concert, may be obtained of JULLIEN & CO., 214, Regent Street.

Gardens open at 4, commence at 5, and terminate before 10. With the magnificent addition of Fireworks, the Storming of Badajoz, &c.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The Subscribers and the Public are respectfully informed, that the EIGHTH CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on MONDAY EVENING, June 25.

PROGRAMME:—Sinfonia in E flat, **Mozart**—Trio, Pianoforte, Clarinet, and Tenor, Messrs. LINDSEY SLOPER, WILLIAMS, and HILL, **Mozart**—Overture, MS., "Ruy Blas," **Mendelssohn**—Sinfonia in C minor, **Beethoven**—Concerto, Violoncello, Mr. HANCOCK, **Brass**—Jubilee Overture, **Weber**.

Vocal Performers, MADAME PERSIANI and HERR PISCHEK.

Conductor, MR. COSTA.

Single Tickets, £1 1s.; Double Tickets, £1 10s.; Triple Tickets, £2 5s., to be obtained of Messrs. ADDISON, 210, Regent-street.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

COVENT GARDEN.

MADAME PERSIANI.

The Directors have the honor to announce that, in compliance with the wishes of numerous Subscribers, Madame PERSIANI has kindly consented to give THREE ADDITIONAL PERFORMANCES.

The SECOND REPRESENTATION will take place NEXT TUESDAY, JUNE 26, when, by general desire, MOZART's Opera, **DON GIOVANNI**, will be performed; and her LAST APPEARANCE on the Stage will POSITIVELY be on SATURDAY NEXT, JUNE 30, in MOZART's Opera, **LE NOZZE DI FIGARO**.

On TUESDAY NEXT will be performed MOZART's Opera,

DON GIOVANNI;

with the following powerful ensemble, viz., Madame GRISI, Madame PERSIANI, Madille. CORBARI; Signor TABURINI, Signor MARINI, Signor TAGLIAVICO, and Signor MARIO. The Opera will be supported by a Triple Orchestra and Double Chorus.

SEVENTH NIGHT OF "LES HUGUENOTS."

A GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will be given on THURSDAY NEXT, JUNE 28, on which occasion MEYERBEER'S "HUGUENOTS" will be performed, being the last time this Opera can be given for some period, in consequence of the production of **THE PROPHETE**, which is now in active preparation.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor—MR. COSTA.

LAST GRAND MORNING CONCERT of the SEASON.

On FRIDAY, JULY 6, will be given the FINAL CONCERT, on which occasion a combination of VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL TALENT will be presented of unprecedented magnitude, comprising the following eminent Artists:—Madame GRISI, PERSIANI, and DORUS GRAS; Miss C. HAYES; Madilles. CORBARI, DE MERIC, and ANGRI; Signors MARIO, SALVI, LAVIA, TABURINI, and Mr. SIMONE REEVES; Signors TAGLIAVICO, PAGLIONI, MARINI, and M. MASSOL.

In addition to which, the celebrated Violinist, M. KONSKI, will make his First Appearance at the Royal Italian Opera; M. OSBORNE and Herr SCHULOFF will perform a Grand Concertante Duo on Two Pianofortes; the Orchestra will perform Beethoven's Overture to "LEONORA," Cherubini's Overture to "ANACREON," and Weber's Overture to "OBORON."

Other attractive Novelties will be presented on this occasion.

By general desire, the celebrated **DERVISHES' CHORUS**, from Beethoven's "RUINS OF ATHENS," and the **PRAYER** from the **MARSH SCENE** in Auber's "MANIELLO," will be repeated by a GRAND CHORUS of ONE HUNDRED VOICES. Conductor—MR. COSTA.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Boxes, £4 4s., £3 3s., £2 2s., and £1 1s. 6d.; Orchestra Stalls, 15s.; Amphitheatre ditto, 5s.; Pit, 3s., and Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

THE CONCERT WILL COMMENCE AT HALF-PAST ONE.—Tickets, Stalls, and Boxes, to be obtained at the Box Office of the Theatre.

EXETER HALL WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH CONCERT (being the last Concert of this Season) will be held on the Evening of WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27th. For Programme, see the *Times*, Monday, 25th.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Boxes, 1s. 6d. and 2s.; Reserved Seats, 4s.; Stalls, 1s.; to be had of all Music-sellers, and of MR. STAMMERS, 4, Exeter Hall, where a Plan of Seats may be seen.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

FRENCH PLAYS & OPERA COMIQUE.

Positively the LAST NIGHT BUT TWO of the Opera Comique, and LAST APPEARANCES of Madille. CHARTON and M. COUDRE, and the Operatic Company.

ON MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 25, 1849,

The Performances will commence at Half-past Seven o'Clock precisely, with (for the First Time)

LES DEUX DIVORCES.

After which (positively for the last time) AUBER's popular Opera of **LES DIAMANS DE LA COURONNE**, On WEDNESDAY, June 27 (Last Time), ROSSINI's celebrated Opera, **LE COMTE ORY**.

M. HANSSENS, Chef d'Orchestre, respectfully announces a GRAND MORNING ENTERTAINMENT, Vocal, Instrumental, and Dramatic, on SATURDAY NEXT, JUNE 30, in which all the Artists engaged at this Theatre will make their Last Appearance in London.

MR. MITCHELL begs to announce that the eminent Comedian, M. ARNAL, and MADAME DOCHÉ, will appear at this Theatre on Monday, JULY 2, and will continue their Performances until the close of the Season, on Friday, July 13.

W. H. HOLMES'S NEW BALLAD

Sung at Herr ERNST'S CONCERT, by Miss DOLBY,

"SCENES OF CHILDHOOD."

PRICE 2s. SENT POSTAGE FREE.

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Also, Just Published, "ANDANTE" for the Pianoforte, by W. H. HOLMES, 2s.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex; where all communications for the Editor will be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Purkess, Dean Street, Soho; Strange, Paternoster Row; Vickers, Holylew Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, June 23rd, 1849.